

and northwestern part of the county are vast reaches of black spruce forests, now in such demand for wood pulp of which the paper is made of post cards, books, and newspapers. There remains much oak, cherry, poplar, chestnut and the more common forest trees in marked profusion.

The entire county from end to end east of the Greenbrier abounds in iron ore indications, principally the brown hematite and the reddish fossiliferous.

(Above from Historic Markers -

MIGRATION OF PEOPLE

In reference to the ancestry of the people of Pocahontas County, it may be inferred that the citizenship is of a composite character, German, English, Irish, Scotch, and French.

Such names as there, Lightner, Harper, Yeager, Arbogast, Herold, Hatterman, Burr, Siple, Sheets, Casebolt, Shrader, Burner, Sydenstricker, Varner, Heverner, Oakley, Gumm, Overholt, indicate German descent, etc.

Indians: There are evidences that the Indians once roamed through the thick forests of what is now our beautiful section of country. Pieces of flint have been found by our citizens which were no doubt used by the Red Race. There was an Indian burial ground on a flat above the road a short distance up the valley from I. B. Moore's dwelling. Indications were to the older people that several Indians had been buried here. It has been said that a few relics were found in later years when some excavations were made.

CRANBERRY GLADES

An intriguing bit of back Country in the Old Mountains of West Virginia which recently has been included in the Monongahela National Forest:

"Here is the botanist's paradise. Here among these mountains are found the "Cranberry Glades," a strangely misplaced tract of arctic tundra in the southern mountains. Here you will find a bewildering array of alders, shrubs, grasses and vines, a never-ending source of delight are the two thousand varieties of orchids, which bloom in colorful contrast upon the metallic sheen of the

moss carpet covering the Glades, West Virginia is the native home of more than sixteen hundred flowering plants.

(Above from Historic Markers - State Library.)

RELIGION

The first Prebyterian Church ever organized within the county was known as the Oak Grove Church in this district in 1793. For thirty-seven years it did not have a pastor, the only preaching being done by ministers who occasionally visited this section. It is believed that the first minister to be located here was Rev. John McCue.

In 1830 this church was organized by Rev. S. L. Graham, and at the time had but nine members, including for deacons, who were Josiah Beard, George Pooge, John Jordan, and S. D. Poage. Rev. Graham continued to be the pastor for 39 years, when he was succeeded by Rev. J. S. Blaine.

In 1833 Mt. Zion Church in "The Hells" was built. It is a log structure, but has been materially repaired and is still used for a house of worship. Previous to the erection of Mt. Vernon Church the people of Upper Knapps Creek attended services at Mt. Zion. Many of them went on horse back across the country by way of the Mill Run at I. B. Moore's.

Mt. Vernon Church was erected in 1856. A noticeable feature of this building is the good quality of the lumber used. Scarcely a defectiv~~ex~~ spot can be seen in the ceiling. John McElwee and son did the carpenter work. All the lumber was planed by hand at the shop on the land owned by Moses Moore who was a noted Christian character.

Trinity M. E. Church at Frost was dedicated in 1898. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Wm. T. Price of Marlinton. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. Neice, of Monroe County. His text was taken from Galations the sixth chapter and second verse: "Bear ye one another burderns and so fulfill the law of Christ." Rev. George Spencer was the pastor in charge of the circuit. Other ministers present were Wm. and B. B. Sharp, both of Frost.

New Hope Lutheran Church at Minnehaha was built in 1893 through the efforts of Henry White, Sr., and his family who came to Douthard's Creek in 1876. Before building the church they had occasional services by Lutheran pastors in their homes, in nearby churches, and in school houses.

The Westminister Prebyterian Church was building in 1903 and Rev. G. W. Nickell was pastor. In 1923 the first county convention to be held in Huntersville convened here

Mr. Carmel M. E. Church, South, was dedicated October 1, 1905.

Oak Grove Presbyterian Church was organized in the year 1793. The early records of the church were lost and no one remembers when it was built. A substantial brick structure in this sect worshipped for many years was later built southeast of Hillsboro, where the cemetery is still kept up. In 1830 the Church was reorganized.

Posakostas
Chapter 3

370 #

Dec 21 - March 22
slip
"went to hole" for
pups

One day last week the Shaws, Vanderenders, Wares and others killed the big sheep eating bear which has been coming off of Shavers Cheat and killing sheep on Elk. They got him on Mill Run of Slaty Fork mountain. His weight was 370 pounds, and fat as a fool; the fat on his rump cut full four inches. This was a big footed bear; the measurements of his paw thirteen inches long by eight broad. It was seen where this bear had killed and dragged three or four head of Norman Shaw's sheep into the woods. Following up, wonder of wonders, a hunter came upon the bear at his feast. The bear raised to his hind legs and the man took a shot with a small bore rifle. Later it was ascertained the bullet plumbed the brisket. It apparently did little damage for the bear made off. The dogs then were put after him, but he paid the dogs little mind other than to run. He went by a stander who put him down and out with a bullet from a high power rifle.

This was a bear in his prime. He has been a persistent sheep killer for several years. He made his home in Shavers Cheat, and would come down to Tygarts Valley and the Elk regularly for his mutton. He was known by the unusual size of his track. Ever since this bear came out of his winter's sleep a month ago he has been killing sheep. There is at least one more sheep stealing bear on Elk. This one comes out of Gauley, leaves smaller tracks, and has been killing this spring, mostly on Crooked and Old Field Fork of Elk.

Don't be fooled by the fancy put down by popular writers that bears come out lean and poor from their long winter's sleep and fast. That bear killed on Elk last week cut two inches of fat on his ribs. Even though he never went hungry from eating sheep, this is a poor time of year to fatten a beast, and a month is a short time to do it in. That bear went to hole fat December 21 and he came out fat on March 22.

Word comes that the tracks of the old she wolf were seen in the snow last week in the pine patch on Middle Mountain of Elk. The snow was off the hillside and she could not be tracked. They are now guessing she has a den somewhere with pups in it.

The other Sunday night Mrs Green and children of Woodrow, were followed home by a panther. They thought they heard something following them but supposed it was a neighbor's dog, and they paid no mind. Just as they were going into their house, William VanKreusen drove by in his automobile, and the lights of his car plainly showed the great cat crouched by the roadside. The varment gave a great leap as it made off toward the forest, and it was plainly seen as it crossed the road in the light by Mr Green, who was on his porch.

The next day Fred Galford brought his bear dogs to put on the tracks. However, they do say those bear fighting dogs evidenced but little interest. Mr Galford followed on but the snow had melted too fast.

A distinguished friend writes in from the city to say that my load had gotten too great to bear in my unequal contest with this wolf and panther business and that he was liable to have a friend of his send me a wolf dog. I can only reply that truth is still mighty and will eventually prevail. Also that I place a wolf dog along side of a stable horse and sawmill as a thing undesirable, but for the good of and protection of the country as a whole I would be much obliged for a wolf dog.

Lanty Sharp came off Jericho Road the other day with a tale about a big brown heron like bird with a wide stretch of wing and a voice like the croak of a raven. He said it was working strong on the little piping frogs in the Glade. I knew right off he was talking about a bittern, or brown heron.

Last Wednesday morning if you had happened to look close at the river there was a big flock of wild ducks making their living between the bridge and the mouth of Price Run. There were fifty or more of the little dickens, and they appeared to be having the best time. I presume they were feeding on the superabundance of perrywinkles or fresh water snail which now cover the rocks in this part of Greenbrier River. This black and white (males) wild duck has the local name of butter duck. The books list it as buffie head.

Along about dark and after if you will listen along these low grounds of Knapps Creek and Greenbrier River, you will hear an unseen bird say scape as it flies over. It is a woodcock talking to you. The other evening I was lucky and saw a full dozen against the sky as they flew over me. I heard others which I could not see.

Wm. Origger was in town from the Beaver Lick fire tower when it rained last Thursday morning, and told a satisfying experience he had enjoyed in his look out the other morning. As he walked up the trail from home he noticed a lot of fresh deer sign, but saw nothing. After he had gotten settled in the tower and all was quiet, an old cock grouse burst out a drumming right below him; just over the ridge in a drain an old wild turkey had to answer with low gobbling. This was the sign for two deer which had bidden when the man approached that they could safely move out, and one made off in one direction and the other went another. All of which goes to prove that a body does not see

everything to be seen when he walks through the woods.

J. O. Kellison was up from Jacob last Thursday. His catch of foxes this year was 23; thirteen reds and ten grays. He got one wild cat, but this was a big one—57 inches from to tip. The book gives the average at thirtysix inches.

Uncle Bob Gibson was over from Elk on Saturday. He is an humble working churchman, who finds joy in religion and he works at it. He says it is no harm, but rather a good deed, to kill a bear on Sunday, and I hold with him. One reason is a bear kills sheep on Sunday as well as any other day.

Uncle Bob tells me the ramps are just a little the best flavored this season he has ever tasted. One reason, he says, is that the growth is thrifty on account of so much rain and that the lack of sun to tan them has made the bulbs so tender, sweet and mild.

Uncle Bob was counting up the sheep killed in about two weeks by the old Shavers Cheat Mountain big foot bear the other day that they know about, three for him, five for L. D. Sharp and five for Norman Shaw, and one for a widow lady. This bear had killed and piled up five sheep and was eating on them when found. This piling up of sheep is the sign of an old bear.

Uncle Bob said the only thing wrong about killing an old sheep stealing bear on Sunday or any other day is that immediately two other bears sprang spontaneously up to take his place. The reason for this is that when the boss of the range falls, other bears move in where the old big one had heretofore kept them out. The late Henry Gilmer used to tell the tale of killing the same old buck on a given ridge seven years in succession. The explanation was easy—when the monarch of the survey was gone, the good feeding ground was taken by the next buck in line, to hold until he was killed or an abler buck grew up.

The Belled Buzzard

For several years past large numbers of buzzards have assembled each spring in March at the Roost on Jerico Flats, but have been notable by their absence so far this year, except one immense specimen was observed on March 15th. This leader wore a bell which could be heard faintly but distinctly. The bird was not seen again, or any other in the neighborhood, until the 6th of April, when a pair were seen gliding on moveless wings over the mountain.

It is thought possible that the failure of the buzzard to show here in numbers so late in the season is due to the unseasonable cold, or possibly the migrants not having gone far enough south last fall perished of cold and hunger in the unprecedented freezes of the winter, this variety of the vulture family not adapted to extreme cold.

Although of a sluggish nature, unlike the nobler birds of prey, and subsisting on carrion, the buzzard scrupulously exercises its flight power morning and evening in prolonged circling, instinctively knowing that if it lost the ability to fly its species would soon perish.

It is said that the Wright Brothers and other inventors of gliding air machines, studied attentively the flight of the buzzard, which is said not to be excelled by any other bird of land or sea.

Paradise, Tennessee
4/20/40

THE FAIR - AUG 19 TO 24

WHAT IS THE POCAHONTAS COUNTY FAIR?

The Fair is a graphic method of portraying what has been accomplished by the various agencies operating in Pocahontas County. It is a moving picture of the routine activities of our citizens and is made to show something of our industries, our occupations, and our social organizations—a representation of Pocahontas County people at work and play.

The Fair aims at the improvement of the County. Exhibitors and visitors from a distance bring advanced ideas and methods; our own citizens, by associating with each other and comparing exhibits are enabled to choose the best and to formulate plans for the improvement of the community, the farm, the home, the church and the school.

The Fair seeks to advertise Pocahontas County, not by overdrawing, but by giving strangers an opportunity to become acquainted with the county and its people.

The Fair registers changes. Instead of the great areas of worthless cutover lands which occupied so much of the county a few years ago, we have extensive parks at Seneca, Watoga and Droop Mountain. There is the National Forestry Service with a camp at Thornwood. The State Fish Hatchery on Stony Creek, three miles from the Fairgrounds, furnishes a supply of trout for the streams. The parks and National Forests are game refuges, insuring an abundant stock of wild game for our woods. These State and Federal agencies so recently come to Pocahontas, have entered wholeheartedly into the plans for the improvement of the county and are actively represented at the Fair.

Farm improvement in Pocahontas has been phenomenal. Those who saw the exhibits of livestock and farm crops at our early Fairs will note this improvement when they examine the exhibits this year. The Fair is one of the agencies responsible for these marked gains in potato development, methods of marketing and in quality of livestock and farm crops.

Public education is deemed an essential element of progress hence the schools have always held a place in the Pocahontas County Fair. The public school building, erected by the schools of the county, houses an educational exhibit that is unique in its quality and completeness. That education has been long nurtured by this mountain people is evidenced by the fact that among the first pioneers to die at the hands of Redmen in what is now Pocahontas County was a school teacher, slain on the river's bank, just above the cattle barn, and but a few rods outside the Fairgrounds.

The Fair is the Home Coming Season for Pocahontas. It is a time when we welcome back our friends and relatives. The automobile and our modern system of highways have aided in making Home Coming one of the most enjoyable features of our Fair.

And talking about pictures! No picture is complete without its frame. The setting of the Pocahontas County Fair is in keeping with its high aims. The site is that of old Fort Drinnen where the advancing pioneers from east of the mountains met with the Shawnees and Iroquois. Its beautiful meadow lands lie by the historic Greenbrier; it is rimmed around by the forest clad hills and overlooked by the towering ranges of the western Alleghenies.

L. S. Geiger of Stony Bottom, brings in a bunch of potato seed pods. These potato berries are the first Mr Geiger ever saw; they are no new things to me, though we do not see them now as often as we used to years ago. There are quite a number of plants in Mr Geiger's patch of an acre and a quarter producing seed this year. The patch was planted in Irish cobbles, certified seed, and carefully sprayed. It is Mr Geiger's intention to cultivate some of the seed in the potato berries, and see what comes of it. You are liable to get most anything in the way of potato berries, and see what comes of it. You are liable to get most anything in the way of potatoes from the little seeds—mostly something no account. You plant the seeds in a pot in the fall and grow the plants in the house during the winter. The plants have each a tuber about the size of a pea, of most any shape and skin color. Pick out the small potatoes you think give promise of amounting to something and plant them out in the ground next spring. The scientific plant breeders at experimental stations are continually trying out potato seed. They do not go it blind, for they know what is needed in the way of strains of high quality potatoes of heavy yield with resistance to diseases. Their aim is to continue in one the good points of several varieties. They begin at the beginning by crossing two tried and true varieties by hand pollination. Thousands of the resulting plants are selected right off, and many more fall by the wayside

in the rigid trying out process through the years of trial.

Speaking about potatoes, some weeks ago there was a note in this paper about potatoes persisting in a field many years between cultivations. Now, Warwick Ratliff comes forward with the news that he has potato plants persisting in a field for eighteen seasons. This year he is again cultivating the ground, and he has marked and fertilized the volunteers. He will report later as to yield.

Pocahontas - 15

Pocahontas Times

7/25/40

Pocahontas ¹⁴ - 15

GRAIN AND POTATO SHOW

The 1940 Grain and Potato Show for Pocahontas County held at Marlinton last Saturday was one of the largest and best in a long series. This annual event is sponsored by the Bank of Marlinton and the First National Bank, with J. A. Sydenstricker and A. H. McFerrin actively in charge as the committee of the Banker Farmer Association.

While there may be more entries in the potato classes, the entries were never before quite so good. This was also true of the small grain classes. The corn entries were numerous and the quality was excellent, though this rainy season has not been considered the best of corn years.

The farmers who have taken interest in this annual exhibit through the years have not only brought up

the quality and increased the yield of their crops through better farm practice, but they have perfected themselves in the art of preparing exhibits to show in the various classes.

There was a largely attended farmer's institute in connection with the Grain and Potato Show. The subject was sheep, and what could be done to bring back and excel the grade of lambs produced twenty years ago. In other lines of husbandry our farmers have gone up and onward; the quality of lambs produced has steadily gone down and backward. Among the speakers were Dr. C. W. Wilson, of the University, Milton Dolley, of Pendleton county, and Moffett Williams, of Marlinton.

These expert, successful sheep men agreed on the four cardinal points of breed, feed, shelter and parasites; these four and the greatest of these is food.

Now the fact was evident that those progressive farmers who were in attendance at the institute Saturday are producers of good quality lambs, and know from experience much what the experts were telling us. The value lies in the fact that they will be encouraged by the meeting to be disciples to influence shortsighted neighbors from breeding from cull ewe lambs; from attempting to economize by short rations, and exposure to weather and parasites.

The big money crop of this Pocahontas County is sheep, and while years ago our lambs were tops and in demand, the quality has been allowed to go down grade so much the packers are complaining bitterly. They complain about lambs which are so big as to pass the bloom stage before marketing, and lambs so puny and small they never reach the bloom stage for best marketing and eating.

Anyway the Banker-Farmer Association, under the direction of John Sydenstricker and Hanley McFerrin, have set out to do for our main industry, sheep raising, what has been accomplished by the annual exhibit for grain, grass and potatoes, and this editor is volunteering to help all he can. Go and do thou likewise.

Pocahontas Times
11/14/40

Pocahontas - 11

Pubishes Book Of Verse
"The Versatile Mind" will be the
title of the new volume of poetry to
be published by the New York Publish
ing Service for Mrs Charlotte Mason
Dickson of Second Creek. The con
tract for the publication was signed
Tuesday. Mrs Dickson has written
poetry for various papers and maga
zines, such as the West Virginia Re
view. She is the wife of Edgar F.
Dickson. --Monroe Watchman.

Pocahontas Times

10/10/40

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY JANUARY 30, 1941

1941 JANUARY 1941						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

Every once in a while a letter comes, asking me to write what I know about the origin of local names in these mountains. If copy is scarce, I have no more sense than to attempt it.

Away up beyond the head of the Greenbrier River, is Gandy Creek, flowing to the north. This is a family name, from Uriah Gandy. Some time in the 1790's there was a court order by the then new county of Randolph directing Uriah Gandy to cut out the road toward Seneca.

Well, Seneca is Indian and I have been told it means the people who live in the shadow of the rock. I have also been told the word means dark or black. I know no better than to accept both interpretations, being as shadow and dark can have some what similar meaning. They also tell me there are a hundred ways to spell Seneca, and that all of them are right. Finally, my brethren seem to have taken the Greek way of spelling the word, and that is all right by me.

We have the Seneca Trail, known of old as the War Road or War Path, stretching from Seneca Lakes in New York to North Georgia. Federal Road Route 219 follows this ancient main north and south highway; proof of the Indian's knowledge of the lay of the land as well as the modern engineers.

The Senecas were the standing army of the Five Civilized Nations; later to be added to the Confederacy to make the Six Nations. They were the keepers of the great back door; I have heard it called the great black door. Anyway, this back door country was largely West Virginia. The Senecas held it against the Shawnees of the west and the Cherokees of the south.

Speaking about names, when a young brave of the Five Nations wished to prove his prowess at arms he joined the Senecas—took the War Path. I. Fernald Cooper is the historian to read; his Leather Stocking Tales tell me about the Senecas and the first in most interesting writing.

Seneca Creek, in the adjoining county of Pendleton, joins the North Fork of the South Branch in the shadow of the great stone of West Virginia, the Seneca Rocks. It is not a sparkling proposition to put forward the surmise that the Seneca tribe of Indians eventually evolved from the little local tribe which maintained its small communal village at the forks or the waters in the shadow of the great Seneca Rocks, for no one can prove it wrong.

We are in the Appalachian Mountains, and they tell me this too is Indian, meaning Endless Mountains. I always think of our mountains being endless east and west from the Ohio to Piedmont, Virginia, but I expect our Indian predecessors were talking about north and south from the Mississippi and Labrador.

Over on the Tygrats Valley there is Laurel Mountain between Elkins and Belington. A scholar wise in Indian lore once told me the original name for this mountain was not Laurel at all, but an Indian word meaning middle, possibly spelled something like Laura. The application to the mountain is that this height of land has the greatest elevation of any ridge between the near Alleghanies on the east and the far away Ozarks in the west.

And now, of course, the Alleghany word must be considered. They say it is Indian and means the big sign or big track or big mountain. I have heard that Alleghany is a good Scandinavian word. Somewhere I think I saw the statement that Alleghanian, or something like that is the name of a leading paper over in Sweden. If this be so, maybe it is just another storm to bolster the contention that the Scandinavian settlers of America a thousand years ago were absorbed by and left imprint upon the northern Indians.

Tygrats Valley was named from David Tygart, who came to the valley in the 1750's; left when the Files and other families were massacred.

Mingo is the name of the Indian village "at the head of the Ohio." The Mingoes were here at the time of Braddock's defeat in 1755. The Six Nations were allies of the British the Mingoes were blamed with siding with the French. In 1766, they had been moved from Mingo Flats to Mingo Bottoms, near Wheeling. About 1800 they were moved to the Muskingum River in Ohio. In 1838, the Mingoes traded their Ohio land to the government for lands in Kansas. Later they moved to Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. In 1766 there was about fifty families of the Mingoes; the the last I heard, some years since, there were over sixty families.

Up on the Alleghanies, a visitor passing buck. He

Up in Pennsylvania this week they are killing deer by the tens of thou with branch

About the time the Mingoes moved from near Wheeling to the head of the Muskingum, there appeared all of a sudden one day in the Green bank community several hundred Indians, men, women and children, with many horses and dogs. They said they were back from a season of hunting in the ancestral hunting grounds.

Along about 1838, when the Min goes sold out their Ohio lands, the local tradition is that the Williams River country filled up one day with hundreds of Indians—men, women and children, with many horses and dogs. They said they were back for a farewell bear hunt in their ancestral hunting grounds.

Shavers Mountain and Shavers Fork of Cheat River and Shavers Run are all named for Peter Shaver, a soldier of the American Revolution, who was killed by Indians at his home on Tygrats Valley, River along about the year 1781.

Cheat River is any body's guess how come its name. There is false wheat, cheat, still to be found along its course. On Shavers Mountain, the moss covered stock rock still fool you by letting you suddenly down into pits covered by moss. It is still a surprise to the traveler to climb a couple thousand feet up from Greenbrier River to find another on the top of the mountain, flowing in the opposite direction. Some where I saw the name Cheatnah, This the name of a mountain down Alabama way in the original Cherokee country. I have often wondered about these somewhat similar names so many hundred miles apart, but I never took the steps to check up on the matter through the experts in the Bureau of Ethnology down in Washington.

The Greenbrier was first named Ronceverte by the French explorers. It appears that ronce is brier and verte is green. The greenbriers still persists in thickets the length of this stream. I have always had an interest to know the names the French gave to the mountains and streams of this region which they claimed as a part of their New France. The ford in the Greenbrier near the present city of Ronceverte was called St Lawrence. An order entered by the County Court of Greenbrier in the 1780's deals with a road from Town to the St Lawrence Ford.

Speaking about French names naturally brings to mind Gauley River and Gauley Mountain. What would be more natural for French explorers to call this beautiful stream Gaule after the ancient name of France. Of course I have heard about the Scotch Irish pioneer hunter coming out on the rocky bluff above mouth of Meadow River and in his surprise at seeing a stream of such size, exclaiming, "Golly, what a river!" You know that sounds so much like so many of my own explanations of things I have no knowledge of, that I never put any faith in the tale.

Pocahontas

-3-

THE
POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va.

Up on the Alleghanies, a visitor took a shot at a passing buck. He held too far back, and the deer went on with a bullet hole through his bread basket.

Up in Pennsylvania this week they are killing deer by the tens of thousands. Does and bucks...

Pocahontas 3

go is certainly Indian; from ... That name is preserved up ... New York State.

Watoga is Cherokee. They say it means starry waters—the reflection of the stars in a limpid stream.

Cherry River is from the abundance of wild cherry trees on it, particularly at Cherry Tree Bottom, the present site of the city of Richwood.

Cranberry River is named from the abundance of wild cranberries growing in the bogs on the Glades on South Fork.

Charles mountain probably named after Charles Kennison, early settler, soldier of the Revolution and Indian fighter.

Days Run and Days Mountain from Charles Day, early settler and Indian fighter. One of the names for the fort at Millpoint was Days Fort.

As for Williams River, there is tradition that it was named after William Ewing, soldier of the Revolution; known as Swago Bill. He lived on lands now embraced in the McClinton farms. He owned land on Williams River; the Nelson Moore lands. I think when he moved to Ohio in 1810, he sold his Williams River holdings for a rifle gun and a certain amount in "cut money." It appears that in the early days if change was needed to divide a half dollar and there were no quarters convenient, why the ever efficient settlers took the ever ready axe and cut the half dollar in two.

Knapps Creek was first Ewing Creek. John Ewing owned lands below Frost which he sold to Moses Moore. When the Marlinton Bottom survey was made for the Greenbrier Company of Colonel Lewis in 1751, the calls of the line from the low place on the mountain, near what is now Stillwell, to a corner near the present Mt View Cemetery, passed over the Ewing house. Later the stream was called Naps Creek, after Nathaniel Gregory, who was murdered in his hunting camp somewhere around the present site of Westminster church.

Thomas Mountain and Peters Mountain, I have no record of how they were named. I do know that Michael Mountain bears the name of Michael Daugherty. He was a gentle man from Ireland, who left his home with his lady love, rather than continue his studies for the priesthood. He was a sportsman who walked in to see his bears with a hunting knife while his dogs were attracting the attention of the game. One sad day on Michael Mountain poor Michael waded in on too big a bear. As the hunter struck his knife home the big brute struck back with a mighty paw. There was then a dead man as well as a dead bear. It has been Michael Mountain ever since.

Mad Tom on the Alleghany is a ridge on which a poor slave boy got lost and went crazy.

The Mad Sheep on the Alleghany was called for sheep which were afflicted with rabies one season long ago.

Stephen Hole Run is called for Stephen Sewell, whom Colonel Andrew Lewis found at Marlins Bottom, now Marlinton, in 1751, with Jacob Marlinton. Sewell spent a winter soon after in the small cave at the head of the run. He was killed by Indians some years later on Big Sewell Mountain, farther down the Greenbrier. I do not remember ever being told where Sewell was killed.

I have never been in Stephens Hole. It is of such small bore I fit into it most too snugly for comfort. The story is the paymaster of a certain Ohio regiment stole the payroll when here for the Battle of Droop Mountain, and hid the money in Stephens Hole. I had heard the tale and paid little attention to it. Some years ago I read Claude Bowers' book, The Tragic Era. In writing up the carpetbag governor of a certain southern state, the writer says the said governor had been accused of absconding with the payroll of a certain Ohio regiment.

Elk River, Elk Mountain, Deer Creek, Panther Run, Bear Run, Wild Cat Hollow, are self explanatory names; the same as Spruce Knob, Sugar (Tree) Creek, Span Oak, White Oak, Laurel Creek, Laurel Run, Poplar Flats, Red Oak Flat, Spruce Flat, Brush Run, Pine Grove, etc.

The water of Tea Creek is the color of weak tea. The idea for years was this color was from leaves and roots of the trees—particularly spruce and hemlock. The geologists now tell us the sulphur in the coal deposits is chemical which gives color to the water. Red Creek and the several Red Runs have their sources up in the coal measures.

Back in the Gauley wilderness, you find names like John Fox writes about down in the Cumberlands. Big Blizzard, Little Blizzard, Big Rough, Little Rough, Fox Tree, Barren She, Tear Coat, Hateful, Hellward, Hell for Sartin, Skin Shin, Turkey Track, Camp Rock, Little Elbow, Middle Fork, Three Forks, Skinned Poplar, Hofs Path, Bug Run are some that I recall off hand. We got these honest and natural by reason of the Hammons family moving into the big wilderness almost a century ago and staying there.

Delighted I am over world recogni
... publications of the

P. ...

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1940

Last week was the big week of the year in Pocahontas County. The visitors came here by the thousands for the deer hunting. On an average, I would say, about one in twenty got a buck.

Practically every one of the visitor knew where they were going. They or their friends have been coming here for years, and they had camps or farm houses or hotels already picked to stay in; friends to go into the woods with, and familiar ground to hunt in.

I count that twenty dollars is about as little as one man can expect to get by with in the way of expense on a three day hunt away from home. This means the circulating of really a large sum of new money in this county—say thirty to forty thousand dollars. Whatever it is, the hundred or so deer the visiting hunters carried away sold for big money. This money was divided by farmers, hotel keepers, stores, gas stations, and what not.

A friend of mine from the lower waters of the Greenbrier has been coming here for the past five years. Every season he has seen deer but no bucks. This year the big deer of the mountains come by him, with antlers like a rocking chair. Hope long deferred made him nervous or something. The shot drew blood, but the deer went away from that place. It is just another case of hoping him better luck next time.

It was the last drive of the second day. Some standers had bunched around a fire, for the wind was raw. There was too much talk and too little attention to the business in hand. A man from the city looked around and bellowed "Great day, look there!" This was all the signal the big buck needed to high ball the jack away from that place. Of course a dozen bullets cut through the brush where the deer had been, but every one of these too late lead messengers were ineffective.

Up on the Alleghanies, a visitor took a shot at a passing buck. He held too far back, and the deer went on with a bullet hole through his bread basket. The stranger was no hand at tracking, so Attorney J. E. Buckley was called in on the case. He followed the sign as fast as he could walk by an occasional blood smear on the brush. After a while the deer broke out again, but the cover was too thick to see for a shot. Following on a ways, Mr Buckley knew the proper thing to do was to look up the exact place the deer had broken out the last time. If it was merely a superficial wound the deer would have been standing, and there would be little use to trail farther. If he had been severely hit, he would have lain down and that would be encouragement to keep on hunting. Getting near the place, Mr Buckley saw the deer behind some brush, looking out at him. It had circled and come back. Every hair was turned the wrong way and the animal was the very picture of rage and fury. He would have fought before he ran this time. One well placed shot put the deer down and out. He carried a magnificent head.

Adam Pennell, of Marlinton, is a lone wolf when it comes to hunting. He ranges the Buckley Mountain. On Tuesday, he got as far as the Messer place, to look up a big deer he knew had been keeping there all summer. Over on the Cummings Creek side he put up his deer. I noted three big holes in that deer's hide from well placed punkin balls out of a shot gun. It was quite a chore for one man to bring this 175 pound buck the five miles into home. The antlers, while not overly large, were symmetrical and uniform, carrying four points to the beam.

Miss Genevieve Yeager was the lady to get her deer in Pocahontas County this year. It was an eight pointer, four snags to the beam. She hunted with the Ruckmans on Alleghany Mountain.

No accidents from fire arms are reported in Pocahontas County this year. This is a blessing for which we all are deeply grateful. One hunter, Gordon Sanford, of Rainelle, was struck by a train near Cloverlick, and died some hours later from the injuries.

Up in Pennsylvania this week they are killing deer by the tens of thousands. Does and bucks with branched antlers are legal game this season. Spike bucks and fawns are on the protected list. Up there the deer are eating themselves out of house and home: the range is no longer sufficient to keep the stock of deer. At the rate deer are now increasing in West Virginia, the time will come when the range will not support the deer. This is a good many years ahead on account of the present number of our deer and the richness of our range. When that time does come, the Conservation people have considered the means to meet the situation. The season will be opened on does, and the season will be earlier and longer. Just now, they hold us to a late season to allow time for mating before butchering the bucks.

A tale comes out of the deer woods of a party of hunters having considerable of a scramble in a laurel patch. They went to look and came on a big wild cat with a four snag, eight point buck deer down and biting on his neck. They shot the lynx and another bullet put the deer out of his misery.

I hear tell of a hunter killing a muley or dehorned buck. For antlers, there were nubs, an inch or so long. He brought his venison in for checking and it made trouble. The law has specifications calling for branched antlers. Naturally, the question arises in my suspicious mind how come the hunter to know he was shooting at a buck in the first place.

Down on Pyles Mountain a hunter on the first day crossed no less than a dozen big buck tracks, all heading toward the game sanctuary, which is the Watoga State Park.

The big deer of the State fell to the gun of H. J. Widney, of Frank. He killed it on Shavers Cheat, near Wildell. The weight was three hundred and fifty pounds, hog dressed. The antlers were a wonderful rack. Nine points on one beam and ten on the other.

Most anything can come out of these woods. Witness, the nineteen point antlers which are the trophy of young Mr. Widney, of Frank. Along about fifty years ago the late Brown Galford, of Back Alleghany shot a deer at the Deadwater of Williams River, which also carried a head of twenty points, not counting the little nubs usually found at the base of the beams.

The kill of bucks in Seneca Forest was considerably off from former season. Eighteen was the number; less than half of last year. The number of hunters checked in was over 600 for the first day; over 500 for the second day and over 300 for the third—about 1500 in all. This compares with over 900 for the first day last year. I say there is safety for the deer in numbers. I am always wanting to strike an average. This is about one deer to every one hundred hunters. On the outside of the Seneca State Forest the average was as usual one deer to about forty hunters.

It sounds like a lie to me, but the tale comes out of the woods, that a visitor came on to a native standing at a likely crossing place for deer. The usual inquiry was made about seeing deer. The stander had a fancy, exciting tale about a powerful big buck coming through, at easy range; he took a couple of shots and never cut a hair. While the narrator was in the midst of his eloquent recounting of his bad luck, the drivers came up. They took the man's word for it and proceeded to cut off his shirt tail. Then they looked for sign. There had not been a big deer through that crossing in a week.